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NO 40.

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

AT the bare mention of the baronet's name, a deadly paleness overspread his features, and, approaching her with a respectful bow, he said, "My dear young lady, why did you not tell me you were acquainted with his honour? O Lord! O Lord! to think that I should have had an acquaintance of Sir Charles Desmond's put into such a hole of a room. But I intreat you, madam, if you have any bowels of compassion, not to say a word about it to Sir Charles; for, if he was to know all about it, he would be the ruin of my house."

The forgiving Caroline, instead of displaying any marks of resentment, assured the self-reproached landlord he had not any thing to fear; and, returning his obsequious bow with a condescending bend of the body, she gave me her hand, and I assisted her into the carriage, which was waiting. As Maurice had evidently prepared her for the scene she was going to encounter, I reverted to it without hesitation; when, clasping her hands together with fervency, she exclaimed, "Oh, may the Almighty pardon his errors as sincerely as I do!" When we entered the park,

her agitation became so violent, that Mr. Maurice was forced to have recourse to volatiles; but when the carriage stopped, and the distressed father came out to meet us, with both hands she concealed her lovely face, saying, "Oh! I cannot encounter Sir Charles Desmond! I dare not lift my eyes to his face."

"Ten thousand, thousand thanks, dear young lady," said the baronet, pushing away the footman, and opening the door of the chaise; "my poor Henry is all impatience to see you; and hope whispers that you will prove an angel of peace."

Renovated by this flattering reception, the agitated girl endeavoured to make some reply, but articulation was evidently so difficult, that the words expired upon her lips.

It seems that Mr. Desmond awoke a few minutes after Maurice had quitted the castle, and though his bodily sufferings were much relieved, yet the stings of a wounded conscience seemed to probe with greater severity, and he continually repeated the name of his much-injured Caroline. The baronet inquired whether he wished to see that young lady. "Wish, my dear father!" he eagerly exclaimed, "I would suffer the severest tortures to enjoy that gratification; but I cannot live even whilst a messenger could arrive."

Sir Charles then, with the utmost precaution, related part of the circumstances Mr. Maurice had made him acquainted with, concealing those which he thought likely to increase his son's agitation. The penitent young man no sooner understood that the object whom he had so treacherously and cruelly deceived, was in the neighbourhood, than he implored his indulgent father to send immediately for her, that he might at least have the gratification of soliciting her forgiveness before he bade an eternal adieu to the vices and follies of the world. It was under pretence of sending a servant to the town of ———, that Sir Charles Desmond quitted his son's apartment, and saw the carriage which conveyed the unfortunate Caroline drive up to the door.

Having conducted the trembling object of his son's lawless passion, and rekindled affection, into the drawing-room, and revived her drooping spirits by the most soothing expressions, Sir Charles extended his hand towards me, saying, "Receive, sir, my most grateful, my most cordial thanks, for the benevolent attention you displayed to this unfortunate young lady; whose very existence, Mr. Maurice assured me, your humanity preserved."

A violent ring of a bell prevented the agitated Sir Charles from concluding the sentence: "Good God! my son's bell," he exclaimed; then darting out of the room, he was followed by Mr. Maurice, who left us nearly a quarter of an hour. During the period of his absence, the housekeeper brought in a tray of different liquors, and I insisted upon Miss Leemon's taking a large glass; for, as her name had been mentioned by young Desmond to his father, I shall no longer conceal it from my readers.

"Well, my dear Miss Leemon," said the worthy surgeon, upon entering, "I have been preparing the truly penitent Mr. Desmond for the interesting interview; I have given him a hint of the motive which induced you to take this long journey; but, not wishing to wound his feelings by the exquisite distress you were reduced to, I have ventured to represent that gentleman as

a relation, who fortunately traced you to the inn; and it is the young gentleman's wish," continued he, turning to me, "that you should attend your fair cousin up stairs." The paleness of death overspread the lovely Caroline's features, and I was actually under the necessity of almost carrying her up stairs. Sir Charles was at the door, ready to receive us; and, taking the trembling hand of the agitated Caroline, he led her to the bed, saying, "My dearest Henry, I bring you an angel of peace!"

"My Caroline! my dear injured Caroline!" faintly articulated the apparently dying young man, "can you forgive a wretch who has so basely deceived you? or are you come to load me with execrations?"

"Oh, my dear Henry! how can you suppose your Caroline capable of execrating the being she has so tenderly loved? or how can I behold you in this miserable situation, without suffering pangs greater than your own?" As the amiable girl said this, a violent flood of tears came to her assistance, which, in all probability, prevented her from fainting.

"My time draws near, very near, my respected father," said the ill-fated young man, pressing Caroline's hand to his lips; "are you now ready to comply with my wishes? for you only requested to see my beloved Caroline, before you gave her to me as a wife."

"Yes, my Henry, I have seen her," replied the agonized father; "and see native modesty imprinted on her expressive face; I applaud your choice, am ready to accede to your wishes, and the worthy rector is below, ready to make Miss Leemon your lawful wife. But, my dear girl," continued he, throwing his arms around Caroline, "join your intreaties with those of a distracted father, about to be deprived of the prop of his declining years, through that prop's obstinacy and perseverance; a mortification, my dear Miss Leemon, has taken place, which is the occasion of his respite from suffering, and yet he will not consent to amputation."

"Oh, my Henry, dear and sole object of my earthly happiness," said the terrified girl, falling upon her knees;

"let not your Caroline, in this unexpected moment of joy, fear, and transport, oh, let her not sue in vain! Consent, my beloved, to the wishes of your respected father, and to the intreaties of her whom you are going to honour with the endearing name of wife! For, oh, my Henry, if I now should lose you, life would become to me a dreary void! and," continued she, hiding her blushing cheeks, in the pillow, "consent for the sake of the unborn infant; that may live to bless your name."

"I am conquered, I am subdued! do with me what you think proper, but let the ceremony be performed without delay; and then, my father, we will receive the sacrament together, and may the blood of my crucified Redeemer make atonement for my crimes."

The clergyman was immediately summoned, and the ceremony performed; for the moment Sir Charles was made acquainted with the amiable Caroline's history, he sent for the rector, who, fortunately, had an especial licence by him; which he had sent for a few days before, for the purpose of uniting a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose sudden indisposition rendered it necessary to put the marriage off. Under the title of cousin, I performed the office of father, and, after the binding ceremony, we all partook of the sacred rite; but a scene so affecting it is difficult even to imagine, and it would be completely impossible for me to describe.

At the intreaty of Sir Charles, Mr. Farish had not left the castle, and, whilst the indissoluble knot was tying, they were examining their surgical apparatus; and, within an hour after the sacred ceremony, the mortified limb was taken off.

Sir Charles, Mrs. Desmond, and myself, retired to the housekeeper's apartment, as being too distant to hear the afflicted sufferer's groans; and poor Caroline's feelings were on this occasion wound up to such a pitch of agony, that I actually trembled for the consequence: one fainting fit succeeded another so rapidly, that they called off the distracted Sir Charles Desmond's attentions from the sufferings of his son; but the surgeons, in less time than could

have been imagined, made their appearance, and assured us that all was going on well.

The housekeeper was ordered to prepare an apartment for Mrs. Desmond, and to watch over her with the most solicitous attention; and as Mr. Maurice had been up the preceding night with his patient, Mr. Farish offered to supply his place; therefore, about six o'clock in the evening, the former gentleman and myself returned to the George. As soon as the chaise drove into the yard, the solicitous landlord and landlady both appeared, under pretence of offering their attentions to the invalid; when the latter, looking into the carriage, exclaimed, "Law, sir, what have you done with Miss?"—"The lady you inquire after is no longer Miss, but Mrs; she was this morning united to Mr. Desmond," I replied, with a stern look and reproachful accent, which appeared actually to petrify the hearers. "Married! married! sir, did you say?" repeated the pallid Boniface; "Oh, Margaret, then we are undone!"

Though there is something truly barbarous in the idea of enjoying the distress of a fellow-creature, yet, I will candidly own, I felt a secret pleasure in beholding my landlord's. "I think," said I, "when Sir Charles sees the hole in which you lodged the then unfortunate Mrs. Desmond, it will not exalt your humanity in his opinion."—"And when he hears," added Mr. Maurice, "that the only refreshment she had was a drop of cold water, your liberality will be equally applauded. Shame! shame! you were worse than the Priest and Levite; though this gentleman, thank God, proved the good Samaritan."

At that moment Peggy passed us. "My good girl," cried Maurice, "have you taken care of Mrs. Desmond's things?"—"Mrs. Desmond's sir!" exclaimed the humane creature, "I did not even know his young honour was married; but none of Sir Charles' family have been at our house for near a matter of a fortnight."

(To be continued.)

Early rising will add many years to your life.

THE FOUNDLING.

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

About this time Mr. Seagrove, made an acquaintance with a naval officer of the name of Brandon, who had been at sea several years, and acquired a great fortune by the capture of a rich Spanish prize. He had besides succeeded to a considerable estate in that part of the country, by the unexpected death of his father and elder brother. This gentleman, dining one day at Mr. Seagrove's, found his attention much attracted by the beauty and vivacity of Miss Anna; and before he left the house, he found in it another person, who made a not less lively impression on his recollection.

It ought perhaps to have been mentioned before, that about the time when the exposed infant was found, Mrs. Seagrove had taken into her service a young woman, whose principal recommendation to her was that she appeared to be in much distress, not only from poverty, but apparently from some other circumstances which seemed to prey on her mind, but into which Mrs. Seagrove, from delicacy forbore to enquire very minutely, when she found her unwilling to speak on the subject. She was handsome, and displayed an understanding and propriety of behaviour superior to her situation. She particularly endeared herself to Mrs. Seagrove by the attention and tenderness with which she behaved to the little orphan Anna, and, afterwards, to Mr. Seagrove's own children. She therefore in a few years, became the principal and confidential servant of the family, the management of every thing not immediately under the inspection of her mistress being committed to her. She frequently, in fact, appeared more like the companion of Mrs. Seagrove, than her servant.

This was the person who made such an impression on the recollection of Mr. Brandon, nor did he make a less on her's. He recollected, in short, that she was the person with whom, several years before, in the ardour and giddiness of youth he had formed the most intimate of connections; and she had not forgot-

ten the anxiety, shame, and wretchedness, to which her imprudence had betrayed her. As Mr. Brandon, was far from deficient in generosity, he resolved since it was now so amply in his power, to make her some amends for what she had suffered on his account. He offered her a liberal settlement, and to take upon her the management of his house as mistress. But such a recompense she indignantly refused. 'I will not,' said she, 'enter again the path of ignominy, which I have quitted with such bitter repentance. Regardless of the opinion of the world, I seek the approbation of my conscience. By my conduct for several years past, I consider my character as re-established, and I will not again forfeit it. But if you indeed wish to make me amends, I will put it into your power by revealing to you a secret—You have a daughter—provide for her as becomes you, and I am sufficiently happy.'

To his great astonishment, she now discovered to him that the beautiful Anna, who had been brought up by Mrs. Seagrove, was his and her daughter: of which she was able to bring such proofs as precluded every doubt. She had not at any time, it appeared, deserted, or meant to desert the infant; but pressed by the want of every necessary, had thus exposed it to its fortune in the world, but without abandoning it, as she had still her eye on it from a place where she had concealed herself at the moment it was found. She afterwards found means to obtain an employment in the family into which it was adopted, to watch over it and witness its treatment; and, by the good sense, prudence and propriety, with which she conducted herself, acquired the favor and esteem of the whole family, though without betraying her secret, or giving even the obscurest hint of it, lest she should interrupt and injure the good fortune of her daughter.

Mr. Brandon, without any hesitation, received and acknowledged the lovely and now accomplished Anna for his daughter: and, in a few weeks, convinced of the virtue, understanding, and amiable qualities of her mother, repaired his juvenile errors and ill conduct

towards her by making her his wife, nor had he cause to repent of the union : her tender affection for him, which had never forsaken her heart, the propriety of her behaviour, the gratitude, the graces, and the accomplishments of his daughter, all conspired to render him truly happy, independent of the genuine pleasure arising from the reflection that he had acted rightly.

For Mr. and Mrs. Seagrove, he contracted the warmest friendship, considering the benevolence and generosity they had manifested towards an apparently deserted infant as equally claiming admiration and esteem ; and when he discovered the embarrassment of their circumstances from the causes before mentioned, he insisted on their acceptance of rich presents to the value of several thousand pounds, which, he said, were an acknowledgment of the debt due to them for the maintenance and education of his daughter ; and by the exertion of an influence which certain connections of his gave him in some affairs in which the interest of Mr. Seagrove was concerned, at length retrieved them from every difficulty, and enabled them to recover their former situation of independence and opulence.

From the Boston Spectator.

THE WRITER.

THERE are some men who never know what it is to be clear of debt, and who have such a facility of accumulating creditors, that they seldom meet a person who has not some demands against them. The whole business of their lives seems to be divided between contracting debts and contriving how to avoid paying them. I have known one of these men spend more time in hunting about for somebody to lend him a five dollar bill, than would have cost him to earn it, if he had employed his industry at any kind of profitable labor.

One would think that this was the most irksome as well as most shameful way of living on the public ; for a man must not only feel mean and mortified, by meeting at every turn somebody he had deceived, but must have his thoughts

constantly on the rack in devising means to deceive others.

Jack Countless is a young man, but he has already a great many old debts ; several of which would be outlawed by the Statute, if he was not sometimes reminded by his officious creditors, that they still remain unpaid. These obliging notices, as Jack calls them are now frequently given ; and as frequently put off by the same story he has told these five years, viz. that he is just upon the point of settling an estate in the country, which will at once clear him of his debts, and the trouble of managing an extensive concern that he has not leisure to attend to.

Jack began his career with but little money, but a determination to be a great gentleman ; he therefore took expensive lodgings, kept his gig, and drank his bottle of Madeira, until he was known in all the best circles about town.

Every thing succeeded to his best wishes ; 'no matter for money,' says Jack, 'as long as my credit is good.' And as credit may be said to have introduced him to good company, so good company assisted his credit. Thus he continued to increase his bills, till some discontented fellows wanted to be paid ; and when they would trust him no longer, Jack with a becoming spirit, declared he would never employ them again ; and as this was a good excuse for leaving them, he accordingly gave his custom to others. In this way he has been a lodger in every public house in town, and the books of almost every tradesman and shop keeper, have a crowded page to the Debit of Mr. Countless, with an entire blank on the contra side.

Sam Spendit is another of these luckless wights, who, by contracting early debts, has been "all his lifetime subject to bondage." He married young, and as his wife had been celebrated as a toast, there was nothing more natural, than that she should expect to be maintained as a lady ; accordingly they began an establishment, which his income and business would not support, and which of course his credit for a little while must.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES.

THE VENTRILQUIST.

Monsieur de Miravin, a young gentleman of Paris, possessed, in addition to a great deal of wit and vivacity, the amazing faculties of a Ventriloquist. On his father's death, finding himself possessed of a little more than the advantages of a polite education, he resolved to make this talent subservient to some purpose of utility. He accordingly, by assuming a grab of piety and reserve, introduced himself into the family of a rich citizen, who had an only daughter, the heiress of an immense fortune. One day as they were conversing on religious subjects, the citizen heard a voice solemnly whispering in his ear, "If thou dost not give thy daughter in marriage to this godly young man, within three days thou shalt die." The old man started with horror, and casting his eyes on Mons. de Miravin, saw that his lips were unmoved, and that his countenance expressed nothing but amazement. The mother of the young lady, who was present, strongly recommended an immediate conclusion of the match, that her husband might escape his impending fate. He, more suspicious, adjourned to the church of *Notre Dame*, there by prayer to seek for comfort and information. He had not been many minutes on his knees, when he heard from behind the altar, the word "*obey*" repeated thrice in the same solemn accent as the former warning. He returned home, and the next day made Mons. de Miravin his son-in-law, and one of the richest men in Paris.

TOO KEEN FOR THE COUNSELLOR.

A highwayman meeting a counsellor in his chariot on the Surrey road, presented a blunderbuss, and demanded his money, with the usual compliment. The gentleman readily surrendered about sixty guineas, but kindly told the thief, that for his own safety he had better put the robbery on the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just taken from him. "With all my heart," said the highwayman, and gave it to the advocate, who

immediately turned the muzzle, and told him, that if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him! "*That you may if you can* (replied Turpin) *for I promise you it is not loaded,*" and rode off very coolly with his booty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Why are the men of this age more polite to each other, and less polite to the ladies than in former times?

They are more polite to each other, because they have more sense and less courage, than they had two centuries ago. They feel that it is a folly to be engaged in eternal quarrels and combats: they therefore avoid them, by an increase of civility and respect. There are more reasons why they are less polite to the ladies. In the first place, the ladies (with all due respect be it said) are not quite so domestic, or virtuous, as their great great grandmothers. Secondly, the former heroic attachment of knights, and the slavery attached thereto, are extinguished. We love in quite a different way. We have other things in our heads. We think more of money than of fame in arms. The knights of former times had nothing to do, but to wield the lance and love their mistress; they therefore attended to these two pursuits with all their ardour.

EPIGRAM.

As Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And, face to face, the noisy contest wage;
"Don't cock your chin at me"—Dick smartly
cries;
"Fear not! his head's not charg'd"—a friend
replies.

BOTH AGREED.

"You're a fool," mutters Harry, says
Thomas "that's true,"
"So must every one be that expects sense
from you."

What animals in nature are most rare?

A rich man contented with his fortune—A man of genius not noted for his irregularities and defects—A learned man who knows himself—A sciolist not vain—A virgin whom every body thinks beautiful except herself.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO F—

Oh tell me dost thou love as well,
And wilt thou love me thus forever,
As when affliction's magic spell
Bound us in bands that ne'er should sever?

And does thy heart, O tell me true,
Still beat with kindred fond emotion?
Ah! mine yet truly beats for you,
And clings to your's with fond devotion.

Behold the little pledge of love,
Which Heaven permitted me to give thee;
With me he shall thy fondness prove,
But not of all thy love bereave me.

Ah! no, I yet will share with thee
The tender joys of sweet communion,
And this dear infant still shall be,
The sweetest, strongest bond of union.

Then when the little ills of life
Unite, my F. to perplex thee,
Think of thy lovely babe, thy wife,
And trifling sorrows will not vex thee.

Nor will we sigh for fickle friends,
For fashion's toys, or fortune's pleasures,
But wisely strive to make amends,
By claiming love and virtue's treasures.

H.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES.

Oh where is the harp, that's so long lain neglected,
And where is the hand that so deftly could strike:

They are silent and gone, and the harp of lone Ella
Breathes mournful and low on the ear of old night.

But sorrow's wild voice that has breath'd through her numbers,
Must no more awaken the griefs that should sleep;

For a New-Year has come, and I'll hail it rejoicing,
And in innocent mirth all my sorrows I'll steep.

For life is uncertain and age is approaching,
And time by the forelock, I'll grasp as he flies;

With cautious steps treading, and hope's friendly beacon,
New prospects of pleasures before me shall rise.

Such pleasures as those when old age can look back,
With some few follies borne on oblivion's breeze,

Which perhaps blotted out, I may happily find
A heart that approves, and a conscience at ease.

ELLA.

The following Hymn was composed by Dr. Hawkesworth, editor of the *Adventurer*, about a month before his death, and dictated to Mrs. H. before he rose in the morning. He died in April, 1773. The following passage, extracted from the last number of the *Adventurer*, is inscribed on an elegant marble in the church where he is buried. "The hour is hasting, in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired, will be remembered with equal indifference. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand, which is now writing it, in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection. But let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading, from the hand that has written."

In Sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

New-born—I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
For still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That deeper shade shall fade away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day!
Thy love the raptures of the skies!

Sentimental thought written by a SAILOR,
who felt and reasoned like a Christian.

STILL tost tempestuous on the sea of life,
My little barque is driven to and fro,
With wind and waves I hold unequal strife,
Nor can decide the doubtful course I go.

Contending passions are the storms that rise,
And error's darkness clouds the mental ray.
The lamp of reason seldom gilds the skies
With lustre equal to direct my way.

But there's an hour when every storm shall cease,
All darkness fly, and brilliant suns appear;
My barque be shelter'd in the port of Peace,
And ride eternal at an anchor there!

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 4, 1815.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

Since our last, accounts have been received from Savannah, dated Jan. 13th which state that the British had taken possession of St. Mary's and Point Petre, with about 2000 men, there being little or no force to oppose them ; and that they were advancing towards Darien, a place about 65 miles from Savannah ; and that the inhabitants were deserting their plantations and hastening to the interior, to avoid the savage and black allies of the enemy.

Our news from New-Orleans, is to Jan. 6th, which give the most favorable results to the American arms in several attacks made by the enemy to force the line of entrenchments erected for the defence of that city, within five miles of it : as the following extract of a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated New-Orleans, Jan. 6, will show :

"The operations of the enemy since Friday, the day on which they were repulsed in an attempt to pierce our left flank, have been confined to firing upon our camp from their heavy ordnance, erected on an advanced battery, and the discharge of every species of combustible matter, under expectation of throwing us into confusion, and thereby giving a chance for storming our lines and bring on a general engagement. The cool and intrepid conduct of our men however defeated their scheme, while the fire from our batteries drove them back beyond their works, enabling us in a sortie to demolish them.—Since this discomfiture, their main body is said to have retreated towards the Bayou, where they landed, intending as may be presumed either to wait reinforcements, by the river, a feature in the original plan of invasion, or to effect clandestinely an escape to their shipping. They are said to be distressed for provisions and very sickly, and appear heartily to repent their presumption.—General Adair's force reached this on Wednesday week ; our force 10,000 men.

Among the American officers slain in the battle of the 23d of Dec. gen. Jackson mentions the death of col. Lauderdale, of gen. Coffee's brigade ; and that colonels Dyer and Gibson, of the same corps were wounded, and about 100 others killed, wounded and missing ; and says, that the enemy's loss must have been as great, with the loss of 2 subalterns and 63 privates made prisoners : and it appears that the enemy succeeded on the 27th, in blowing up the armed schr Caroline, by means of hot shot from a land battery.

A special meeting of the Common Council was called on Saturday afternoon, the 28th ult. for the purpose of conferring on General

Brown the civic honors of this city, voted to him at a former meeting of the Board. The immense concourse of citizens assembled to witness the interesting scene, made it necessary, in order to gratify their curiosity, to adjourn to the large court room ; notwithstanding which, hundreds were deprived a sight of the man who has done so much towards establishing the military fame of America.—*Mrc.*

Wednesday last an unfortunate female mendicant, about 6 or 7 years of age was frozen to death in Cherry-street.

The cold here, the present week, has been so excessive as nearly to stop all communication with the city by the ferries ; and it is said the Sound is frozen over at Throg's Point.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Berrian, Major Christopher Van De Venter, Asst. Adjt. Gen. to Miss Eliza Cooper, daughter of Major Samuel Cooper.

By the rev. John Seger, Mr. John K. Baker, to Miss Frances Conger, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Paul Pope, to Mrs. Hannah Bear.

By the rev. Mr. Drummond, capt. George Browne, to Mrs. Maria Bradley, widow of James Bradley late of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. John C. Ham, to Miss Sarah Ash, daughter of Mr. Wm. Ash, all of this city.

DIED.

On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Mary Rollinson, wife of Mr. William Rollinson, aged 62 years, a native of England, after a well spent life, and an exemplary discharge of the relative duties of a wife and a parent, she left her bereaved husband and children to mourn her loss.

Mrs. Mary Jane Stouf, late an inhabitant of Savannah, state of Georgia.

Mrs. Margaret Marsh, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ellet.

Mr. Henry R. Hammell, aged 25 years.

Mrs. Almira Kerr, wife of Mr. Anthony Kerr, aged 28 years.

Mrs. Mary Ann Craig, consort of Mr. Andrew Craig in the 30th year of her age.

Mr. George Wilk, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

Mrs. Ann Magdalene Resler, wife of Mr. Frederick Resler, aged 50 years.

Mr. William Cock, aged 27.

The city inspector reports the death of 31 persons, of whom 16 were men, 7 women, 5 boys, and 3 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last.

THE MUSEUM.

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